Alice. La main madam de han.
Kate. E da bras.
Alice. De arma madam.
Kate. Le main da han la bras de arma,
Alice. Owye Madam.
Kate. E Coman sa pella vow la menton a la coll.
Alice. De neck, e de cin, Madam.
Kate. E de neck, e de cin, e de code.
Alice. De cudie ma foy Ie oblye, mais Ie remembre,
Le tude, o de elbo Madam.
Kate. Ecowte Ie reherserá, towt cella que Iac apoandre,
De han, de arma, de neck, du cin, e de bilbo.
Alice. De elbo Madam.
Kate. O Iesu, Iea obloye ma foy, ecoute Ie recontera
De han, de arma, de neck, de cin, e de elbo, e ca bon.
Alice. May foy Madam, vou parla au se bon Angloy,
Asie vous aues ettue en Englatara.
Kate. Par la grace de deu an petty tanes. Ie parle milleur
Coman se pella vou le peid e le robe.
Alice. Le foot, e le con.
Kate. Le foot, e le con, O Iesu! Ie ne veu poinct parle,
Sie plus deuant le cho cheualires de franca,
Pur one million ma foy.
Alice. Madam, de foote, e le con.
Kate. O et ill ausie, ecoute *Alice*, de han, de arma,
De neck, de cin, le foote, e de con.
Alice. Cet fort bon Madam,
Kate. A loues a diner.

Exit omnes.

Enter King of France, Lord Constable, the Dolphin, and Bourbon.

King. Tis certaine he is past the Riuer *Some.*
Con. Mordeu ma via: Shall a few spranes of vs,
(The emptying of our fathers luxery)

Out-

Outgrow their grafters.
Bur. Normanes, bastard N
And if they passe vnfought v
Iefell my Dukedome for a
In that short nooke Ile of E
Con. Why whence haue t
Is not their Climate raw, fog
On whom, as in disdaine, the
Can barley broth, a drench
Their sodden water decock
And shall our quicke blood
Seeme frosty? O for honour
Let vs not hang like frozen
Vpon our houses tops, whil
Sweate drops of youthfull
King. Constable dispatch
To know what willing ran
Sonne *Dolphin*, you shall sta
Dol. Not so, I do beseech
King. Well, I say it shall b

Enter Gower

Gower. How now Captain
Come you from the bridge
Flew. By Iesus there's exc
the bridge?
Gower. Is the Duke of *Ex*
Flew. The Duke of *Exet*
And I honour, and I worshi
And my heart, and my life,
And my lands, and my liuin
And my vttermost powers.
The Duke is looke you,
God be praised and pleased
No harme in the worell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry V* (STC 22291) LONDON, 1608 [1619] NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute